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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



TO THE SEA! TO THE SEA!

"Poor Pa, feeling that he requires bracing up, determined to start his seaside tour this year by tripping down to Margate, so it was not surprising to find him the other day, together with the children, Mamma and a pile of luggage at Victoria Station. Just as the train was starting, Poor Ma discovered she had left her favourite powder-puff behind. Naturally, she rushed back in search of it, and Papa was left in charge of the children and luggage. A nice job he had with the Twins, I believe, who are presumably teething, and their howls were the cause of him being designated as a brutal kidnapper."—TOOTSIE.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!



Muggins is the pride of the Moochers' Cricket Club, and well he knows it. Applause greets him as he emerges from the dressing tent and with proud and haughty step strides to the wicket. To-day must—



He surpasses himself, for are not his best girl and her fair cousin there by special invitation? Muggins feels he must do or die. But, alas! man proposes, and that is all, for the very first ball he receives shatters his—



Wickets, and, midst the titters of the gathered spectators, amongst which the silvery laugh of his affianced can plainly be heard, he slinks back to the tent a broken hearted being.

HANGING AS A BUSINESS.

In his "Experiences as an Executioner" (published by Percy Lund and Co., of Ludgate Circus, E.C., price one shilling), Mr. James Berry gives a number of pictures illustrative of the exterior of prisons, ancient instruments of death, prisoners' portraits, a plan and elevation of the drop, and a scale showing the striking force of falling bodies at different distances.

To these he adds a description of the drop, the rope, and the pinioning straps. Two straps, an inch and a half wide these are, with strong steel buckles, clasp the elbows and fasten them to the body belt—broad and of strong leather. A strap an inch and a half wide goes round the wrists, and is fastened to the body belt in front. The legs are pinioned by a two inch strap below the knees.

The description of the "cap," or, as it used to be called, "nightcap," is thus neatly, if somewhat grimly, described by Mr. Berry as "a white cap, shaped somewhat like a bag, which is pulled down over the eyes of the criminal to prevent his seeing the final preparations."

In the good old days the judge, when a number of persons were condemned, would say that the sentence was "that you go from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, where you may be severally hanged by the neck till you are severally dead."

They were literally hanged by the neck till they were strangled to death in those good old times. They were

hoisted up by a rope and left dangling in mid air. Later on men, with the noose round their necks, throwing themselves from the ladder, occasionally died almost instantaneously, but the majority were choked to death. It was Mr. Marwood who invented the long drop, which was improved on by Mr. Berry, and has, for the most part, acted well. Mr. Berry says, "The rope I use is thirteen feet long, and has a one inch brass ring worked into the end, through which the other ends are passed to form the noose." This ring, he explains, "if placed behind the ear, is calculated to cause instantaneous and painless death. It dislocates the vertebra, which is the actual cause of death in most cases, and it has a tendency to internally rupture the jugular vein, which, in itself, is sufficient to cause practically instantaneous death."

With respect to the rope, Mr. Berry has some curious facts to relate, and with this quotation we must refer you to the book itself, which contains much that will prove new and strange to the general reader. "Until the commencement of 1890," he says, "I supplied my own ropes, some of which, however, were made to the order of the Government, and I was able to use the same rope again and again. One I used for no less than sixteen executions, and I have five others I have used for twelve executions each. These are now in the possession of Madame Tussaud. At the beginning of 1890, a new rule was made under which a new rope is ordered to be supplied and used for most of the executions in England, and to be burned, together with the clothes of the person executed, which were formerly a perquisite of the executioner, by the prison officials immediately after the execution."

In the accounts of bygone executions, we often read of the hangman selling bits of the fatal rope for a shilling or two an inch after the show was over, and probably, when the rope was all sold, he could still find a bit or two at a higher price. Though the clothes the condemned prisoners died in became the hangman's "perks," often the culprit, to spite him, would give away as much as he could over the side of the cart to friends or even strangers in the crowd. But a lot of the dirty dead clothes, in the first three-quarters of the century, reached the waxwork proprietors, who competed for them eagerly. At Madame Tussaud's are still the black satin gown Manning's French wife wore, the sordid suits of murderous "Resurrection" men, and many other ghastly garbs, about which, it seems to the fanciful, a sickly odour of gaol, gibbet and graveyard yet lingers.

LATEST FROM THE LIARIES.

William his a-beste, an av betrai me, an the buidin tater merchant e av borer a shillin off of the early sprouter as ad took it off a curesetmer to fetch the pirait from roun the corner. We wass then to av gon upon the mane an took Spanish vestles ful off golden Doobloons.

ours av rol awai; e as nott show upp; we are a-swarin a oaf to av his blud.

(Next week, "Missing Mr. Kidderminster.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Many thanks for letter, Cissy, Glad to hear from you again. Sorry, BOB, we can't accept them. No, we do not, ALBERT PAYNE. Hedge your money, IN A MUDDLE. This is not a sporting sheet. Don't you know the race, DEVOTED, Falls not always to the fleet. No, we didn't notice, NELLIE, It's a little matter, though. It was altered, WILLIE FRITCHARD, Long before the time, we know. Pray excuse us, ARTFUL WILLIAM, Call and see us, if you like. Possibly we may, DELIGHTED. Send us on another, MIKE. You should read the rules, AN ARTIST, How can you expect that we can return your batch of sketches Absolutely postage free? Glad to do it, R. S. ROLANDS, Many thanks for kindly note. You have missed it, somehow, BESSY, SLOPER'S almost sure he wrote. That is half the pleasure, ALEC. Racing's most expensive, SHEEN: You may back a winner sometimes, But they're few and far between.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

After a French Quotation.

Slipper. Pardon me, old man, but I'd rather you didn't speak to me in French.

Sloper. Why not?

Slipper. Why, I do not like being spoken badly of, and I'm sure you don't know enough French to speak well of anyone in that language.

Jubilee (repeating his alphabet). A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S—

Sloper. Hold hard, there. You'll never make a billiard player if you're going to miss Q in that way.

Young Pebblebeach hadn't his tailor's account

For more than a twelvemonth remitted;

So they wrote to advise him to write them a cheque

Unless he desired to be writted.

Young Mr. Jones. Hallo, little woman! hard at work? What are you cooking?

Young Mrs. Jones. I'm not quite sure, dear, what it will turn out, but (shaking the frying-pan) it's either an omelette or a Yorkshire pudding.

He was a continental tourist, and was walking down the Strand, in front of the Palace of Justice. Suddenly the air was rent with wild shrieks and screams, and became darkened with pieces of torn off millinery. "Tell me, sare, what for is thees? Is there one big revolution?" The constable smiled affably. "Lor' bless you, sir, it's only the ladies a-trying to fight their ways into the divorce court. There's an extry bad case on this morning."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 426.—The "Uganda" Costume.



"And old Dr. R. said I was 'killing' it; and when I said that he ought to know, it made him quite angry. Why, heaven knows."

"Hullo, missis! what are yer masker-adin' like that for?" "Oh, you know them sack back nannies is all the go now, so I've just shoved on yer old coat to be in the fashion."



Mrs. Pumps. One hundred guineas? Good gracious! Does it mean for that picture alone?
Mr. Pumps. No; spees it means by the gross.



AT BRIGHTON.
And not a single gentleman to help her over those fearful stones.

Count Stanislaus Slopewiski, a Polish relative of the Eminent. Oh, there's no doubt about it. Observe the family features.

Soppington. I don't care how you fellows chaff me at all, because I know it's all the outcome of your beastly jealousy. Say what you like, I maintain she's the most beautiful little woman in the world. She's a perfect dream—a picture.

Oldster. A picture! Eh, well, she may be that, for there's plenty of paint about her, at any rate.

It's really and truly wonderful how the most innocent observation gets distorted during the process of "going the rounds." Not a fortnight ago, someone alluded to a young and sprightly matron, with a partiality for bringing marriageable young people together, as "an inveterate matchmaker." And now to-day, at least half a dozen gossips are prepared to swear that the lady in question was, before her marriage, "nothing more nor less than a mere factory girl in Bryant and May's; think of that, my dear!"

ONCE a Juggins went a-racing

For to back a winner;

Now for quite a month he can't

Afford to purchase dinner.

Brown. Pretty girl, that Miss Sweetie, isn't she?

Babbleton. Perfectly lovely! She is enshrined in my heart, and will dwell there for ever.

Brown. Ah! I heard she was living in a flat, but I thought it was only for the season; I didn't know she'd taken it for a permanency.

SPILLIKIN has been more troublesome than usual. The other night he came home so bad that he thought he was a nigger minstrel, and cut all his fingers to bits with the glass face of the barometer, which he had taken down and would thump on for a banjo.

Grigsby. Well, I am surprised at you, old man, I always thought you were so particular in your choice of acquaintances, and yet you confess to being on friendly terms with a man you say has been engaged in fishy transactions all his life. What was he?—a stock-broker, a money-lender?

Podson. Neither, my dear fellow, he's just retired on a big fortune, made as a Billingsgate fish salesman.

THE great requisite for a fireman is coolness, and this was well exemplified a few days ago by a borough brigade in Surrey. They received a call to a farm, and, in return, promptly telegraphed, "Do you want the engine or any assistance?" By the time the wire was clear and the telegraph boy had finished his tea, the engine was not required, and the farmer replied, "No, thank you; all burnt down."

Overheard at the ball.

Miss Piteful. Yes, that is Mrs. Labelle—a most extravagant woman! I know for a fact that every penny her husband earns goes on her back.

Mr. Sharpshins. Ah! then, judging by her costume this evening, her husband is not making a large income.

"WHY do you call your guv'nor the old French roll?" "Why, because he's always so bally crusty, to be sure."

Softy. Who's that charming old gentleman over there by the bar!—the one with the red nose? We have been talking about literature, and he agreed with me that "SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" was a disgrace to the country, and ought to be suppressed.

Friend. Well, he ought to know—that is SLOPER!

THE letters of lodgings avoid him with fear,

Hotel keepers view him with dread;

Alone and an outcast he wanders abroad,

With nowhere to pillow his head.

From friends and relations he'll soon be compelled

A shelter to crave as a boon;

But who will put up with a villainous wretch

Who's learning to play the bassoon!

A GOOD knowledge of human nature is truly a wondrous, an enviable possession. We know a man who reaped quite a little golden harvest by letting out opera glasses on hire at so much the minute to the little knot of loungers who always gathered opposite the ladies' bathing-place at Mudby-by-the-Sea. Oh, there's nothing like knowing a thing or two, and a little over, to help a man along in this life, you bet.

Uncle. What are you going to be when you grow up, Johnny?

Johnny. A soldier.

Uncle. Ah, indeed! A horse soldier, or an infantryman?

Johnny. Oh! a horse soldier, of course.

Uncle. Why of course!

Johnny. 'Cos it will be so much easier to run away when they begin to fight.

THE latest wheeze of the extra modest Harriets at Epping Forest is to cover the feathers of their hats with snuff and cayenne pepper mixed. "If this won't keep them would-be kiss-in-the-ringers at a respectful distance, I don't know what will." So much for guileless maidenhood.

He (romantic). I know I'm poor, Ethel, but then I love you madly. Do you think you could put up with bread and cheese and kisses?

She (practical). Oh, I daresay I might, provided you gave me all the bread and cheese.

"WHEN SLOPER has had the D.T.s, after all, he's very harmless," said McGooseley; "sit him down in front of the area railings and tell him to look through, and what with the animals he sees moving about the area, he fancies that he's at the Zoo, and even takes the lively creatures in horns, tail and pitchfork for the keepers in a new patent uniform."

Lord Bob. McGooseley seems awfully down in the mouth over Ascot. What can we do to raise his spirits?

The Eminent. Ask him to lower some, my boy—ask him to lower some.

"THERE'S nothing like having it in black and white," said the sweep when he kissed the miller's wife.

OH! what is friendship but a name—

A hollow piece of kid—

Which gives one's pals a good excuse

To borrow half a quid.

—Shakespeare revised.

Softy. I am afraid I'm very dull and stupid this evening, but to tell you the truth, I was playing "Nap." until five o'clock this morning.

Twotie. Oh, indeed! I didn't notice any difference to your usual manner.

"WELL," said Mac to the Great One, "what the deuce and all to spare did you send me that card for the other day? You must have only spoilt the pack." SLOPER was serious. "I dropped it as a post-card, old man, to have a friendly twopenny call as the missis was out and I'd got an evening off." Mac smiled. "Poor old man! Then, I suppose you must have been pretty well when you wrote it. It was so covered with big blots, I'm hanged if I didn't take it for the ten of clubs." [No Drunks.]

TOOTSIE OFF AGAIN.

As my old friend David James used to say in *Our Boys*, and he said it some thousands of times, and, saying it, never failed to fetch the laugh—



Trundling his baggage.

"OT, AIN'T IT?" Mind you, I write this on Thursday, June 9th, at Stalybridge, which is at the north-east end of Cheshire. I came down to Cheshire with Ma, who wished to see her old aunt. Ma's old aunt was a surprise to me, as was also Stalybridge. It's very hot! From our window at the "Grand Hotel"—a very comfortable, homely place, boasting of a most agreeable and musical voiced young landlady—we see the big advertisement trail by, and presently observe all the public-houses swallowing up joyous spectators.

Saturday, winter weather. A letter—a mandate, rather—from Lord Bob. Our summer outing is to begin next week. I don't quite know where we are going, for he has a lordly style has Bob, and brooks no interference. He merely says he has taken the tickets and will find the necessary capital. Ma and I fly express to good old London, and on the way I make out a list of articles of toilet absolutely necessary before I can stir a step. Bob on seeing it wince, but draws a cheque, obse ving that that is all I must spend. Bob, as you know, was always mean; but, really, this—Suppose the things should come to a pound or so more. Well, I don't care.

It would appear that a proposition has been laid before his lordship by the Dook Snook for his (Snook's) or upping the office of courier, by which he (Snook) explained much might be saved. Lord Bob is reported to have replied with that brief but expressive word, "Pickles!"

The Honourable Billy has also in his turn put in a document partaking of the nature of a humble petition that finds should this season be allowed him to purchase a check suit less shrinkably inclined than he has hitherto had foisted off on him at the last moment.

Also, he has ventured to add that, as suits are rarely if ever unprovided with trousers pockets, something in the form of coinage should be allotted him, if only for rattling purposes or for matches, etc. Up to the time of our catching the train, Bob has ignored Billy's suggestions, and, in a very mixed up sort of suit, he has arrived at the railway station, trundling his baggage on a borrowed barrow.



The departure.

I forgot to tell you sooner, although you will allow that the event is of the greatest importance, I have the dearest, most delightfully becoming sailor's costume anybody ever saw in all the world. Miss Lardi Longsox, with whom I have not of late been on particularly friendly terms, in consequence of—Never mind, if the truth must be spoken—However, let bygones be bygones, and, though if she swore it on her Bible—well, there, it's beneath my notice.

The departure of the Sloper Family, let me tell you, is an event which causes no small amount of sensation; indeed, if I were to say that Battersea heaved, the Wandsworth Road waved to and fro, and Clapham Junction stood on end, I should not be exaggerating at all.

The suck stick boys, you may be sure, gathered in their thousands at the railway station and waved affectionate adieus, or rather, *aurevoirs*; for they to a stick, with tears in their eyes, implored us to come back next week, to never leave them, or, if we must, to write soon.

The scene affected his Grace considerably, and he having, unfortunately, come out without a pocket-handkerchief, was fain to wipe away the fast gathering teardrops with the very last visiting card he has been able to afford to get printed. I felt quite sorry for him.

The effect of tears on the Dook Snook's visage as they cross the point and prepared chalk is striking. It looks like a railway map gone wrong.

A becoming sailor's costume.

WE DENY THE BASE ASSERTION.

A Low souled wight has dared to write A note, in which, says he: "Ere now the Friend of Man must quite An old, old creature be." So to that vile, insulting cove We hereby beg to say That many a year must pass, by Jove, Ere SLOPER's hair grows grey! The forest tree shall cease to grow, The garden rose to bloom— To black oblivion's depths shall go The great Ta-ra-ra-boom— The sun and moon shall quit the sky— The world shall fade away— The stars shall wane—the seas shall dry— Ere SLOPER's hair grows grey! At ALLY's likeness kindly glance, We own the Grand Old Man Is just a shade less young, perchance, Than when this rag began. But, when his noble nob you spy, You won't the fact gainsay, That many a million years must fly Ere SLOPER's hair grows grey!

THE NAUGHTY-BIOGRAPHY OF ALLY SLOPER.

(Written by himself, with passing observations and footnotes by his friends and relations.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST KISS.

I HAVE some delicacy in writing about this. My friends and gentle readers need not be alarmed. I have never yet done anything that I was ashamed of.

(There ain't no doubt about that. I will say that the Old 'Un's consistent enough that way. Let his nose have a pattern on it like a Highland tartan from falling on the kerbstone, the next morning he'll look as innocent as if he had been out all the night picking violets for a Sunday school teacher's wedding.—McG.)

It was the little girl I have before referred to. Ah! how I admired her! Pure, sweet and innocent was my affection.

(It's a good thing for Pa that Ma doesn't always insist on having the "HALF-HOLIDAY" read to her while she's doing up her back hair. You've only got to hint about Pa ever having liked anyone and she looks as if Poor Pa wanted scratching, like a bad one for the Derby.—TOOTSIE.)

I was then on the verge of seventeen. Although I say it myself, I was a comely lad. My mother said that I had the look of the Apollo. Sweet young girls smiled at me as I walked along. I smiled at them in return. So the world went on all happily.

(Yes; still, this smiling on the sex doesn't always come off pleasantly. Only last week a heated private in the Coldstreams dashed into the office belt in hand, and demanded Mr. SLOPER's blood. "If the old beggar will go in for the winking stakes," said the soldier, "he'd better take on somebody else's tart than mine." The man had to be consoled with a present of two copies of the current number and the better half of a pot of best bitter-six before he would adjourn. "There's no real liberty in this country," said Mr. S. "What's the use of living in a free country if a man can't drop his eyelid sometimes?"—Note by MANAGER.)

But about my first kiss.

The dear girl (let me suppress her real name by calling her Selina Snookberry)—dear me, how well I remember the scene! She was seated that fine summer's afternoon on an inverted tub in the back yard of her mother's, counting the clothes pegs, for it was the day after washing day.

She was what might be termed a nice roundabout figure, saucy blue eyes, and with lips as red as a Bass' ale label.

I looked at her—I smiled. She looked down, "Can I?" thought I. "Dare I? Shall I?"

She looked still sweeter.

I bent down; I looked into her sweet eyes. Our lips met.

Never shall I forget my first kiss!

Yet the rose had its thorn.

I wish at that time thicker woollen garments had been more fashionable. The assault which the stern mother suddenly committed upon me with a light broomstick was painful. A local application of vinegar was almost instantly necessary. I shall never forget it.

(To be continued next week.)

BUSY AGAIN!

THE "growler" driver lives again—

He's wallowing in oof;

We meet his cab at every turn

With boxes on the roof.

The railway porter's haughty gown,

For endless tips he earns;

The hoardings teem with flaming bills

Of "special fast returns."

The lodging-house extortioner

Has come to life again

And fixed "Apartments to be Let"

In every window pane.

The flymen now demand *per* mile

Three bob or half a crown;

The minstrel's left the music hall

And brought his banjo down.

"A row or sail to-day, my lord?"

The working boatman cries.

The loafing one has learnt afresh

His last year's stock of lies.

There's moonlight walks upon the pier,

Flirtations on the sands,

And conjurers and niggers and

A dozen German bands.

There's life and bustle where the waves

Beat on the sandy shore:

The seaside season's now commenced;

The summer's here once more.

COMMISSION AND OMISSION.

IF SLOPER is expected to allow the Duke of Wellington's claim that Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton, and he is perfectly ready to do so, he will, *en revanche*, expect the Duke of Wellington, his executors, administrators and assigns, to credit him with having discovered the future leader of a great political party in a Board School at Billyballyrickay.

On a calm and peaceful Sunday afternoon, recently, the good, kind teacher in the infant training stake alluded to, rose and said: "My dear children, I want to explain to you a marked difference existing between two kinds of sin in the world. There is the sin of commission and the sin of omission. The first kind means to go and do, in cool and deliberate mood, a bad and wicked deed. The second means, in calm and wicked negligence, to omit to do a good one. I will give you an instance: Suppose I happened to be walking across London Bridge, and came face to face with a bad and hardened man who had never done me any greater harm than—say, calling me a swivel-eyed son of a sockless sea cook, or any similar wicked expression—and suppose I took hold of him by the seat of his knickers and hurled him into the rushing river, that would be a sin of commission. Now, can any boy give me an illustration of a sin of omission?"

A future Gladstone rose, and, wiping a stream of liquid brandy-ball from the corner of his mouth, replied:

"Yus, sir; please, sir, a sin of omission would be if you did not chuck him over."

TWO LIVES.

THE life of the average man is, up to a time, one of the few forms of existence worth enduring, provided said man is endowed with a fair proportion of wholesome weaknesses and vices. If he is a model young man, he doesn't count.

Sooner or later, however, he meets a girl fair to look upon, and, after the manner of his kind, chafes in restless discontent until he has swapped his glorious birthright of liberty and irresponsibility for the bliss of saddling himself with unlimited liabilities and becoming an object of prey to tradesmen, rate collectors, wife and children and of pity to such of the friends of his youth as have not become fellow victims.

Such a one was Timotheus Turncutt, the leading traveller for that eminent dry goods house, Pytel, Pott and Pyne. The world which has so much to say about everybody, but which knows so little of the inner life of anybody, spoke of him as a contented and prosperous mediocrity. Turncutt himself, like every man, reflected how differently he would shape his life could he live it over again, but, unlike the majority of men, recognized that he could not put back the clock, so took his gruel smiling. Life had one compensation—his duty tore him away from the joys of home for several months every year.

Do not imagine his was an isolated case, or one only to be found in the seething caldron of care and trouble we call the metropolis. For, at a certain southern seaport, which I will call Brisdif, there lived a man who, like Turncutt, wedded a woman and brought on himself similar cares, similar extinction and a similar family. Him, too, Society held up as an example, not a warning. His name was Double, and he, too, was a commercial pilgrim.

It was summer, and the Turncutt boys, who had been looking forward to their annual holidays since their return from their last one, determined upon a cycling tour in the West of England.

The Turncutt girls, too, who were occupied in a large type-writing establishment, arranged to take their leave at the same time of year as their brothers, and to meet them at Brisdif.

The lads accordingly set out to break long distance records, and to risk fracturing their limbs; the girls, packed up their smartest frocks

and prepared to desist for awhile from typing bad novels and still worse plays.

The brothers and sisters rejoined each other at the apartments secured by the latter at Brisdif. After the boys had cleansed themselves from the dust, not of ages, but cycles, they set out with the girls to promenade the pier.

"Charlie," said Cissy Turncutt, "we have met such a nice family of girls down here; their name is Double."

"Double!" said Charlie. "Why, Frank, that's the name of those two fellows we met on the road riding safeties. They said they lived here. How jolly! Why, there they are, near the bandstand."

The Turncutt and the Double girls rushed at each other and kissed. The Turncutt and Double boys grasped each other's hands. Then Sylvia Double said—

"My dears, let me introduce my brothers Archie and Fred, also my papa."

An elderly gentleman roused himself from a half doze, rubbed his eyes, then he turned from a pinky brown to a ghastly, greyish green as the Turncutt boys and girls, in one voice, exclaimed—

"Father!"

The elderly gentleman fell back in his seat with a gurgling gasp. Then the Double boys and girls cried, too—

"Father!"

A crowd pressed close round the prostrate man, shouting—

"Give him air!"

A medical man, edging his way through, unloosed the now tightened cravat. Then he lifted one of the eyelids and said—

"Apoplexy! Where is the ambulance?"



A cycling tour.



Rushed at each other.



"Apoplexy."



"That's the animal for you, sir; powerful bone and fine action. You would make a sensation in the Row, sir."



Sweet Seventeen. This portrait of Mrs. Babayour is simply awful!
Auntie. Ah, my dear! it is not everyone who can afford to be painted by the old masters.



A SHIPPING ORDER.
Mr. Quicerful. Four singles and fourteen halves to Margit, please.



"Why should not women make after dinner speeches? I tried my hand at it the other day, and although the room quickly emptied I shall still persevere."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 240.—MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.

"Her glance more killing even than her marksmanship."
—The Duck Snook.
"What perfect joy to die at Annie's hands."
—Lord Bob.
"Love's bullets pierced me through: my wound is mortal."
—The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—HENRY LAZARUS, Esq.



"Mr. Lazarus," said A. SLOPER, presenting himself at that gentleman's residence in South Kensington, "on the occasion of your last appearance in public, the other day, I said to myself, 'That man shall be interviewed,' and here I am for that purpose—don't thank me, pray. Prince of Clarinetists, friend of Mendelssohn and Costa, I salute thee. Your hand! I have on occasions like the present, as a pretty and appropriate compliment, crowned the interviewed with a wreath of roses, but I regret to say I unfortunately lost the flowery coronet on my way here." Mr. Lazarus looked relieved. —(1). "Ah! what have we here? a portrait of yourself, taken fifty years ago. Dear me! I was a habitue of Her Majesty's in those days, Mr. Lazarus. —(2). Possibly you may have observed me in the front of the house. I was considered a perfect Dossy on account of my *distingy* air and faultless dress." Mr. Lazarus had a distinct recollection of a seedy person with a nose selling books of the opera (outside), but his politeness would not allow him to mention the fact. "And now," went on A. SLOPER, "may I ask you as a favour to play something? Do, just

to oblige me." Mr. Lazarus smiled, and taking his clarinet, played in his own faultless style Haydn's divine air, "With verdure clad." "Most eloquent music," sighed the Wreck, passing his hand over his ovate cranium. "How easy it seems, to be sure! I've never tried the clarinet, but, d'you know, I really believe I could—allow me one moment. Thank you." —(3). And, taking the instrument from the veteran's hand, the Eminent, placing his fingers in the wrong position, applied it to his lips. Immediately a sound between the wild despairing shriek of a baffled suicide and the agonized yell of a patient under the strong hand of a dentist, rent the air. "Cease, in the name of heaven!" cried Mr. Lazarus, "ere the police surround the house." —(4). A. SLOPER being still of opinion that, with a little practice, he will be able to wrestle with and master the clarinet, purchased one on his way home. —(5). And within five minutes after his arrival at Mildew Court, Mrs. Sloper and the twins were observed flying as if for their lives, whilst the inmates of the Dogs' Home were being made wretched by the Eminent's efforts.

THE ELDER SHOCKED.



(1). "Cum doon at aunc, Elder, the Meenister and Laird are feighting like devils!"



(2). This was the disgraceful spectacle which presented itself to the dear Elder—



(3). Who said, "Ye walloping walruses, feighting like bally blackbeetles out for a beanfeast, see hoo ye like thistle sauce, me flighty fons."



Black Bobbies.



The Dook & the L.R.B.



Jay-Jay-for-ever.



A Cheap Wife.



J. Chamberlain D.C.L.



The J.P.'s Gymnastics.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Great Scott! what weather! At the time of writing, in the neighbourhood of Shoe Lane, it's about cold enough to freeze eggs hard in their shells, and a blizzard is hourly expected. Oh, June! lovely June! On we go:—Some dodges our gay Robert will into the niggers' mind until:—Some statesmen great, the other day, Were treated to a grand display:—Three months' hard was not enough Imprisonment for this base rough:—The two great leaders of the day Together meet in deadly fray:—The Volunteers the Duke inspects, But certainly no fault detects:—Gay Harrison takes pride of place, And Blaine retires in great disgrace:—Cheap as dirt, for half a crown A wife was sold in Wandsworth town.—Another General Election! More sport—more fighting! The Irish pisintry have some fun in store for them, and blackthorns will be at a premium. Hurroo! likewise Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay! — THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

A DELICACY.



A not unnatural error of judgment.



Private Smith, 1st Tower Hamlets. Say, Jem; how d'yer think I looks?" Jem. Look as if yer chest 'ad 'ad a havalanobe and slipped down into yer boots, sonny.



ZOO-ILLOGICAL STUDY.—The Camelion.



Chemist. This bottle is for an adult, remember. Irish Help (indignantly). Shure phwat d'ye mean by a doll, ye slack backed pile roller? D'ye think you're the only clever bloke going?



"There, I feel insulted! I don't mind whelks when I'm in town, but when I'm at the seaside I expect Oysters."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

For the present, at any rate, Blaine is a nonentity in American politics, and the chief sufferers from the condition of things will be the Yankees themselves.



Blaine was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant statesmen America ever possessed, and as a diplomatist he has rarely been excelled. Of course, for several years back Harrison has been President of the United States—but in name only. Blaine was the man who pulled the strings, Blaine was the man who did all the work—and, in fact, Blaine represented the brains of the American Government. That Harrison is almost certain to be again elected President at the elections in November is almost certain, as is the fact that with his success comes Blaine's downfall. But it is only a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, for there is another American politician in whose hands Harrison will prove more yielding than putty, and that individual is James McKinley.

In spite of innumerable worries over the packing up for his Seaside Tour, A. SLOPER has found time to read "A Soldier's Sweetheart" from end to end. This shilling book, published from the *Fan Office*, in the humble opinion of the F.O.M. is another feather in the cap of the author of "My Neighbour Nellie." As Rudyard Kipling observes, "It's a daisy, it's a ducky, it's a lamb!" and the Eminent gables once again in honour of the occasion.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been up to her old tricks again. At a performance given on behalf of a French charity last week Sarah volunteered her services, and at about the middle of the entertainment drove up in her carriage. No one having been specially laid on to welcome her, Sarah waxed indignant, declined point blank to appear on the stage, and flaunted out of the house in a rage. What a thing it is to be blessed with a temper!

ONCE more does that celebrated Family, which claims for its head that moth-eaten old Relic, A. SLOPER, start on its usual seaside crawl, and London will know it no more—at least until the leaves begin to fade and the cold winds to blow. Of course, when necessity demands it or duty calls him, A. SLOPER, even though he be in the furthestmost part of the British Isles, will hasten back to Cockneydom; but until such cause arises, quiet little gambols on the shores of our popular seaside resorts will be his principal occupation. As usual, his numerous escapades and adventures will be depicted on the front page of the "H.H.," and as the Ancient's youthful mind seems bubbling up more freely than ever this summer, some interesting reminiscences will doubtless be the result.

THE Friend of Man has this day conferred the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon G. G. KILBURN, because he paints pleasing pictures. "Feyther," warbled the Azure Eyed Haverstock Hillite, "ow you could have missed George all these years is to me a conundrum. He's not only a thunderin' good artist, but he's one of the best fellers we've got on the—." But before the sentence was finished, the "Sir Richard Steele" was reached, and the Eminent was lowering another gin and ginger—regardless of the expense.

ON Friday, June 10th, A. SLOPER, Esq., after standing him four new buns and a bottle of ginger-beer for lunch, got the Hon. Billy to go out as musical critic to the "HALF-UN." Here is Billy's criticism:—"I got to the Cavendish Rooms punctually at 3.30, the advertised time to begin Miss Helena Cunningham's concert, and found the place crammed. There wasn't a vacant seat and I had to stand on the entrance steps. However, I heard Helena Cunningham warble 'Love me, Sweet, with all thine Art,' which I found was a particularly easy thing to do. 'When does Helena—pretty name, Helena—when does Helena sing again?' I asked a policeman. 'Last!' replied the blue-coated one. So I kept on the doorstep and I was well repaid, old chap. I only had three buns on the way home." Billy's getting on all right—he's improving.

As was pretty generally anticipated, the humours of the three net farcical comedy, *Vote for Gigg*, were hardly of that character calculated to fill the Vaudeville with the number of patrons necessary to keep the bullion in the managerial coffers at the proper level. Considering, however, that we are upon the eve of the Dissolution of Parliament, it is somewhat singular that *Vote for Gigg* did not have a longer run. With everybody "politics mad," an electioneering comedy should have stood a good chance of obtaining support. But it was not to be, and Mr. Thorne having nothing else ready at the moment, has revived that delightful comedy of old world manners, *Sophia*, adapted from Fielding's famous novel, "Tom Jones." A more excellent stopgap could not have been selected,

and excellently interpreted as it is, it should draw full houses to the Vaudeville, despite the warm weather and the rival claims of the numerous outdoor attractions.

HOURS before opening time, on Friday, 10th inst., the doors of the Queen's Palace of Varieties, Poplar, were besieged by an enormous concourse, little short of the entire population of the surrounding district, all anxious to obtain admittance in order to accord a right royal welcome to the Age Worn Edifice and Family, who had announced their august intention of being present. The shout of delight which greeted the arrival of the distinguished party must have been heard all over the East and West India Docks, and it will be a long time before those who had the good fortune to be present will forget either the excellence of the entertainment or the brilliant gathering which assembled to do honour to England's idol.

Now then, all you happy, well cared for little boys and girls who visit the seaside this summer, here's a chance to perform a graceful and kindly act of philanthropy "all by yourselves." Shells are to be found at the majority of watering-places, and you have only to collect a nice bagful, spare a few pence from your pocket money for postage and forward them to The Sea Shell Mission, 27 Benedict Road, Stockwell, London, S.W., by which excellent institution they will be distributed amongst the poor sick children of London, the greater part of whose joyless lives have been passed, probably, in some of the foul slums whose very existence disgrace this great metropolis. It is not much to ask, is it? and SLOPER feels sure that all of you, by your individual efforts, will do your best to thus, in some measure, afford gratification and amusement to little ones whose lot is so much less fortunate than yours.

THE close time for coarse fishing has not long expired, but the numerous disciples of Isaac Walton have been very busy, and if no phenomenal baskets have really been made, we are assured upon the highest authority that at least half a dozen brand new fishing li—stories have been put into circulation.

QUARTER Day is one of the blackest institutions which, to the eternal shame of our legislature, still remains to darken the boasted civilization of the latter end of the Nineteenth Century.

This is SLOPER's opinion, and there are, doubtless, not a few who, harassed and gun hunted, will cordially agree with the Eminent's rather advanced sentiments. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that Quarter Day cuts both ways, and that "butcher, baker, or candlestick maker," to quote the old nursery rhyme, who calls upon the 24th and insists upon the payment of "this long standing account," is, in all probability, suffering from a nearly similar experience from his landlord or shoe-maker. Unfortunately, few will regard the matter in this light, and, in all probability, the average ratepayer will continue to regard Quarter Day with the same horror and detestation until the end of all time.

ON Sunday, June 12th, the Mildewed Mudpuddle and the Blue Orbed Blossom took an active part in the Fifth United Temperance, Friendly and Trade Societies Demonstration and Church Parade in aid of the St. Marylebone General Dispensary. It has always been a source of wonder to us who know the Old Man's little failings, why temperance societies are so anxious to get such a confirmed boozier to form part of their processions. The only way we can account for it is that they are anxious to display him as a shocking example of the effects of habitual intemperance.

'Tis with sadness that we have to acknowledge having witnessed a performance of *Moses and Son* at the Royalty Theatre. We really could not help it, as we were bound in courtesy to accept their invitation. Courtesy again prevents us from criticising the piece.

THE Empire has been "Spring cleaned," and when SLOPER's young man, having received an invitation to see "the new summer decorations," went, accompanied by his maiden aunt up from the country, he found a pleasing and delightful transformation had been effected. Stalls, lounge, boxes and grand circle had all been charmingly covered in green and white art muslin—at least, SLOPER's young man's aunt said it was art muslin, and she ought to know. The effect is delightfully cool and refreshing, at the same time singularly soothing to the eye, and whoever is responsible for the scheme of decoration deserves unstinted commendation. The entertainment is—well, grand; sprightly *By the Sea* and the glorious *Versailles* being, of course, the chief items of the programme, which is also strengthened by the assistance of R. G. Knowles, The Boisssets, that marvellous juggler Cinquevalli, Kelly and Ashby, Marvell's Dogs, The Huline Brothers, The Bedouins and the ever pleasing Mdlle. Vanoni.

OWING, probably, to an overdose of his favourite poison, the Eminent, whilst writing the biography of Mr. John Latey, whose portrait so recently adorned the "F.O.S. Portrait Gallery," made the mistake of alluding to that talented gentleman as "the editor and proprietor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*." SLOPER now stands corrected. John says he isn't the proprietor, but, considering the circulation of that popular journal, he "would be were." He has been the editor, though, almost from the first. Estimable John!



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 2ND, 1892.

26th June, 1830.—This is the date of the death of George IV. and ascension of William IV. His coronation cost only £37,000. "The queen was so anxious that no expense should be incurred on her account that she would not permit either the purchase or hire of a crown from Rundell's for her, but ordered that it should be composed of her own jewels, and made up at her own expense. Rundell's charge for the loan of jewels only for George IV.'s coronation was £16,000, as interest on their value."

27th June, 1879.—In a letter in the *Times* this day, the Earl of Beaconsfield declined to accept the "People's Wreath," as proposed by Mr. Tracy Turnerelli.

28th June, 1880.—Four persons died this day, at Workington, from the supposed effects of poisonous ham sandwiches.

29th June, 1785.—Fifty gentlemen were this day nominated to serve as sheriffs for London, four of whom swore off, and the five paid their fines of £400 each; which sums, amounting to £18,000, were ordered to be appropriated to the building of a Mansion House.

30th June, 1859.—J. T. Fields, in his diary, says that this day he drove to Hammersmith, "Where we found Leigh Hunt and his two daughters awaiting us. It was a very tiny cottage, with white curtains and flowers in the windows; but his beautiful manner made it a rich abode. The dear old man talked delightfully about his flowers, calling them gentle household pets."

1st July, 1833.—The Coburg Theatre was this day opened at the Victoria, by Abbot and Egerton. Charles Knight, in 1840, makes this extraordinary statement: "The Coburg Theatre, now called the Victoria, and the Surrey, what are they? At Christmas time, at each of these minor theatres, may be seen such an appalling amount of loathsome vice and depravity as goes beyond Eugene Sue, and justifies the most astounding revelations of Smollett." Among the earliest pieces played here were *Manfred*, *the One-handed Monk* and *Ginevra, the Scourged One*.

2nd July, 1888.—According to report on this day from Calcutta, a brutal charge of cruelty, illustrative of the evils of child marriage, was under investigation by the chief magistrate. The complainant was a Hindoo girl, aged eleven. She stated that she had been living with her husband for the last eighteen months; that her husband had a brother and his mother living in the same house, that she had to do all the cooking and the household work, and that her mother-in-law frequently beat and ill-used her. On the 22nd of June she accused her of using too much salt in a dish that she was cooking. Her mother-in-law abused her all day, and threatened that she should be branded. At ten o'clock that night her husband, his brother and her mother-in-law threw her down and the men bound and gagged her while the woman branded her with an iron ladle which she heated in the fire. She was branded three times on the cheek, also on the legs and arms.

A BUGBEAR.

It's plastered o'er our journals,
It's heard upon the stage,
It's introduced in novels
Which have yet become the rage;
It leavens half our poems,
Ev'ry paragraph of news,
We can't escape the hateful thing
Whatever path we choose.
It is destined in years to come
To drive the public mad,
That nuisance of a modern age,
The all pervading "ad."

"SETTLED"

A DEGENERATED prototype of the knights of the road of old is to be found in the common or Short's Garden tramp who, with the first sunshine of June, starts from the squalor of Drury Lane on a walking tour through Surrey and Kent, relying for sustenance by the way upon the knowledge of the art of bullying. The sun was just setting in the quiet little Kentish village of Dunderhead Green last Saturday, when one of these gentlemen lurched through the swing door of the little alehouse and shuffled up to the bar. He gave just a passing look of disdain at the dozen "ornamented agriculturists" who lingered over their mugs, and then said to the landlord—

"Are you the boss?"
"I am."

"Well, give us a drop o' suthink short an' suddin—suthin with a bite in it."

The landlord filled a small glass with some badly distilled Chelmsfield cooking whisky and pushed it across the bar. The customer swallowed it.

"Twopence, please," said the bung.

"Wha-at?" cried the other, in well feigned astonishment.

"Two d!"

"Gar-rn, dry up! Don't ye know me? I never pay—I'm 'Imas they call Bill the Basher—Basher Bill, d'ye ear?"

A look of sadness crossed the innkeeper's face. Turning to the rough and rustic crowd at the bench, he said—

"Gen'l'men, you've know'd me 'ere for twenty-seven yars, man and boy, and never know'd me owe a Bill till now. I always hated tick. I wouldn't mind a pot o' Yarmouth to see this bill paid."

Nobody knew what happened exactly, but in less than three minutes seven athletic farm hands got up off a pile of undistinguishable humanity, boots and rags, and, advancing to the bar, exclaimed, in chorus—

"Naow, maasti, wheer's that pot y' aale?"

The "Bill" had been paid!

TEA AND TERROR BY THE RIVER.

FAR, far up the river, on the bright, glad Monday of Whitsun, in the quiet little common room of a sleepy little tavern, sounded the silvery ring of young female voices, as a dozen pretty girls, with as many male companions, laughed and joked over their "plain tea, with cake at discretion, one shilling per head." It was a pretty sight. Those twelve huggable, kissable dears lowering the tea that was rich in tannic acid and the cake that harboured the unostentatious currant in a way that had more "indi" than "seretion," about it. And the kissing that went on! It was, "No, Fred, not and, 'Will you leave off!' every other second—so much so, indeed, that the old clumber spaniel that, up to the arrival of the party, had been sleeping in the sun in the doorway, got up disgusted at so much frivolity, and made a stately exit. And there from spring the trouble. For, just as they had a third "hot wave" in the teapots, the door creaked upon its hinges, and an infuriated mouse forced his way in among that peaceful company. Tempest of feminine terror, billows of feminine drapery, a wild upheaval of furniture and general confusion heralded the wild beast's appearance. The young man in the pink and orange blazer alone remained calm.

"Dear, dear ladies," he said, in his most finished kurley bellevue style, "you should never scream at the sight of the *mustabur*—the common or beer-garden mouse. It indicates to the female animal your precise location, after which it may advance with the certainty of a kill upon its quivering prey. You can display its upholstery of your ankles with as much grace and generosity as falling back on a sofa or by jumping on a chair. Try a silent faint now."

But the sarcasm failed, and the only person who seemed at all impressed was the *mouse*, who, in his fright, had taken refuge under the ample heel of the interlocutor.

WHISTLERS WARNED OFF.

(Mrs. Shaw, it is said, declares that whistling is hereditary.)



To those about to wed,
Ere you're to the altar led
(I address, of course, the mere male sex inferior),
Be careful you ne'er choose
A wife of whistling views,
Or your life may haply dreary grow
And drearier; For *La Belle Sif-flouse* (sweet dame—
Not the horse of that same name)
Hints those thus wed—anon with rage are bristling:
For their children ne'er will cease

To pipe away their peace—
For the offspring of such pairs inherit whistling!

Such whistling day and night
Will soon turn your tresses white
(And, alas! you cannot well deny you merit it);
For if either man or wife
Should be whistlers, 'twill cause strife,
For Mrs. Shaw says Shawly they inherit it!
What good then to feel wild,
And spank each piping child,
And to rave like any donkey foiled in "whistling"?
'Tis best to say, with awe,
To whistling wooers, "Shaw!"
The match is 'off'—for fear of future whistling!"

A SWEET REVENGE.

THIS is a true story of love, spite and revenge. It is rather original, too—all about two fond hearts that beat as one, although the first palpitated beneath an eleven three-farthing merino under-shirt, and the other fluttered timidly beneath a pair of 22 inch Venus corsets and a pink cambrie Garibaldi. But though the respective owners of these two important portions of the human anatomy had "never told their love" they were blissfully conscious of it, ever since that Bank Holiday at Hampstead, when Henry had stayed the mad career of the Jerusalem pony who, in asinine ignorance of the beauty of its burden, had headed for the nearest and muddiest pond. But to-night the fair girl felt instinctively that the sweet confession was not far distant; and one had only to look into Henry's manly, blue eyes, brightened by the excitement of a visit to the Horticultural and numerous "small classes," to feel sure that Miriam was right. Only that day had the Milk Street magnate, who claimed Henry's services from 9 till 7, raised his salary to 30s. weekly, and the heroic youth felt that at last he might tell his love; and as he purchased two "firsts" to Green Lanes and announced himself by Miriam's side in the most dimly lighted, empty compartment of the last train from Liverpool Street, his one hope was that no one would intrude upon their privacy. Alas! alas! the pale, malicious eye of an uncertain-aged spinster had read their happiness—their desire to be alone. To persons of this class the contemplation of the joys of budding affection is as gall and wormwood; and no sooner had Miss Toughchick observed the youthful pair than she resolved to frustrate any possible flirtation during the journey. Just as the train started she entered, and, being the luckless lovers with her malevolent gaze, settled down comfortably to enjoy their discomfort. But Nemesis was on her track. Miss Toughchick was tired, and the lateness of the hour, the silence of her victims, the dim light, all told against her, and—she slumbered, to wake with a start as the train drew up at Hackney Downs. No porter was at hand, no lamp indicated the name of the station; and unconscious of the time she had slept, Miss Toughchick turned to her fellow passengers and asked, quickly, "Young man, tell me is this West Green?"

Henry hesitated, but he was but mortal and the opportunity for revenge was too good to be missed. "West Green? Yes, ma'am," he shouted. "Look sharp or you'll be left!" The whistle blew, but Henry sprang to the door and opened it, and Miss Toughchick jumped from the already moving train. Five minutes later the deceived spinster was endeavouring to induce a cabman to drive her home for less than fifteen shillings, and Henry was tasting the first sweet perquisites of an accepted lover.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 52.—OLIVE ST. DARANT.

IF incantations, weirdly spells,
And fiercely muttered prayers
To that bisulcate bloke who dwells
A long, long way downstairs,
Could make this pink of bonnie belles
The tree whose name she bears,
Then what a thriving olive-tree
Fair Olive of the "Friv." would be.
The olive only lives in parts
Where heaps of warmth abound;
And mashes, smit by Cupid's darts,
And merged in love profound,
With all the warmth of all their hearts
This dear young thing surround.
So what a thriving olive-tree
Fair Olive of the "Friv." would be.
The olive only lives in spots
Where dryness doth prevail;
And Olive's got of dryness lots,
For she's a perfect whale
At downing halves of gin and pots
Of Lacou's Yarmouth ale.
So what a thriving olive-tree
Fair Olive of the "Friv." would be.

HAD HIM!

Mr. Sharpshins (entering room).
Hush, hush! I am surprised, children,
to hear such high words between you.
Young Sharpshins. Well, I'm blowed,
it was only last night that you
me up for using low words.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

THE EMPIRE PALACE, LTD., 5 & 6 LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C., June 14th, 1892.

WHEN first I came to England, as you know,

From out the "gai Paris" to have to go,

That was so!

But I'm happy now I'm here,

And I'd drop the dewy tear

If to leave you I'd to fear.

That I vow!

So, *mon cher* Monsieur SLOPER, believe me to say

That your "Order of Merit" I prize.

If you choose now to doubt this assertion, you may,

I can only express my surprise.

Permit me to thank you again and again,

And, believe me, don't think I am cold

If I break off right here just to scribble my name,

'Tis DE WENZEL, first name LEOPOLD.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN, May 18th, 1892.

DEAR OLD SLOPER,—I always thought that in this progressive age some representative of your illustrious Family would visit this ever startling country; but not hearing of any of the Sloperian Family in connection with the great De Beer's Diamond Mines, or the South African Exploration Company, or the *new* still more famous Pioneers of Mashonaland, I thought the Dark Continent had been overlooked by your farseeing eye, when, behold! right amongst us, embedded in our own garden, I find an almost facsimile of your most noble features. I am sending, by to-day's mail, a potato of such remarkable shape I am sure you will find a corner for it in your Sloperian Show. With imbibing regards, fraternally yours,

J. R. BUTLER.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 119.—HE MISUNDERSTANDETH, AND STANDETH NOT.

THE intelligent men of the Tory Committee

Were firmly determined to seek

For the Scotpot Division of Liverpool City

A candidate able to sneak

That desirable seat from Sun Sunday Hokonnor;

So passed they (*nem. contra*) a grand

Resolution: "For Scotpot Division, 'pon honour,

We'll ask ALLY SLOPER to stand."

They knew that the Wreck for St. Stephen's was sighing,

That he yearned for the letters M.P.,

And they knew to the top of the poll he'd go flying,

Who'er his opponent might be.

So they nobly exclaimed, "Though the world with derision

May jeer at the plan we have planned,

We will stick to our scheme. For the Scotpot Division

The world renowned SLOPER shall stand."

So they went to Shoe Lane and on Woodenhead waited,

And cried, falling down at full length,

"We're aware, worthy sir, that you're much celebrated

For Honesty, Courage and Strength.

We're aware it's the height of your pious ambition

To daily do good in the land;

So, to come to the pith of our humble petition,

We earnestly pray you to stand—!"

But those men were cut short in their eloquent pleading,

For SLOPER in anguish gave vent

To a roar like the roar of a lion that's bleeding,

And slick up the chimney he went.

And he yelled from the roof that a band of banditti

To sneak all his money had planned;

And the stops jolly quickly kicked out the Committee

Who'd asked ALLY SLOPER to stand.

Then the Deep 'Un, as down from the roof he came crawling,

Exclaimed, with three satisfied winks,

"After all the long years I've been drinking and calling

On others to pay for my drinks,

Can it be that there liveth one single mad fogie—

One single darned fool—in this land

Who opines that, by plaintively pitching the bogie,

He'll coax ALLY SLOPER to stand!"

EN PASSANT.

THE dark, deep, cankerous feeling of rivalry that is supposed to exist between operatic stars, and the oft ill-concealed but malignant envy that racks the bosoms of successful painters is comparatively naught as against the biting sarcastic jealousy that owns as its slaves the ladies of that aristocratic quarter, Liquorpond Street, when they pop out to do their "bit of shopping" in the cool of the evening and the Lane of Leather. For instance, Mrs. Whalleyboner, only last evening, was overheard to sit upon Mrs. Knappinjigger with:

"Upon my word, it's like your impertinence to address your remarks to me, Missis Whalleyboner. I never descends to converse with any lady as does her shoppin' in Leather Lane."
"Which shows your bloomin' ignorance, Missis Knappinjigger, an' you can put that in your 'usband's briar root and smoke it! I would 'ave you to know as I goes to Leather Lane to get my cat's meat, which my cat, bein' brought up properly, is that particler she won't look at no meat from anywhere else. So now, Missis Knappinjigger!"

"OH, THE BARREN, BARREN SHORE!"

A YEAR has fled since I gaily ranged
On this golden sea-beach last,
And the festive scene is as little changed
As if only an hour had passed.
Here Business and Laughter and Love and Glee
An immutable aspect bear,
But the form and the face that made Heaven to me
Of this beautiful spot are—where?
Can my darling look down on me tearful-eyed?
My laments can my loved one hear?
My darling, my loved one, who roamed by my side
On these shimmering sands last year!

I shall frolic, while here, and feast and dance;
I shall bid my despair depart;
And a semblance of Love may in time perchance
Be aroused in my aching heart.
I shall pen blithe songs, as I penned of yore,
That the people who read may laugh;
But at times—at times—on this golden shore,
While the cup of delight I quaff,
An ethereal figure will towards me glide,
A celestial voice I'll hear,
And, dead, my beloved one will walk by my side,
As she walked with me, living, last year!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THERE'S no truth in the rumour that McGooseley lives in an alley; but SLOPER regrets to say that the animal in question certainly lives ON AN ALLEY.

"TOOTSIE, dear," said A. S., Esq., last night, "tis Leap Year! Go to my pawnbroker and see if you can raise any spondulicks by popping the question."

"BLUE EYED SUSAN," P. C. 999 watching his favourite cookie flirting with a rival.

IF your rent-book is not "tattered and torn," how on earth can it be a rent book?

THE Road to Rue-in': Doing something you'll be sorry for.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE WICKED WORLD.

CHAPTER III.

SOFT as the bulbul calling to his mate were the tones of Lombardi di Saratoga as he addressed Juliet in the scent laden garden of the Piazza di Cariddodi on the evening on which the conversational already narrated took place. None would have believed, from the low toned utterance, that the youth had come there with the deliberate intention to seek a cause to break the vows he had oft so fondly whispered.

"You are two minutes and a half late," said Juliet, in firm tones, in response to her lover's whisper.

"Yes," he said, "I am, and I regret it much. I lost my collar-stud, and had to hunt for it most grievously."

"A collar-stud! And what is a collar-stud to keep me waiting?"

"A collar-stud? Well, a collar-stud is an important thing at times," said Lombardi, somewhat stiltily and taken by surprise.

"You would have come without a collar-stud had you loved me truly."

"Yes—that is, no, I could not think of such a thing!"

"Ha! then am I less important than a collar-stud?"

"Certainly not; but—"

"But me no buts; I'll have none of them. Know, Lombardi di Saratoga, this is the first time you have ventured to come too late into my presence. I begin to think you have come too often. Have you heard that the East African Gold Company, of which my father was director, has gone to smash and that consequently we are involved in complete and heart breaking ruin?"

"I heard as much—and I am very sorry."

"Gnamercy for your grief. Then, for this delay I have to thank the knowledge?"

"Madam, I assure—"

"Stop! You think you can slight the poor Juliet di Cariddodi as you would not have dared to treat the rich and wealthy daughter of that house!"

Lombardi di Saratoga hung his head. He dared not look the imperious beauty in the face. Her words stung him to the quick as he realized their truth. He had delayed his arrival to afford an excuse for producing an estrangement, and now, when he saw that



"You are late."



"Stand back!"

it was successful, and that she was only too ready to break with him, the sense of his loss weighed him down. He had been too successful, and did not dream that success could have been so bitter.

"Juliet, I implore you—"

"Hold, sir! Stand back! Had I remained rich, I might have married you, unconscious that you loved me only for my wealth. Now I know you in your true character. Go, and never look me in the face again!"

And, as the humbled lover stalked humbly away, the peerless Juliet swept up the marble steps of the palace and flung herself into the arms of the Count. Her breast heaved with emotion and filial love, as she laid her head on the old man's shoulder and looked up into his face.

"Is it over, my darling?"

"It is over, father, and you were right. To-night he was one hundred and seventy seconds late for the first time. He now knows that the spirit of a Cariddodi will brook no such slight, and he is cast off for ever."

"And now, my brave child, to face the world."

"Ay! father," said Juliet, "the world in other lands beyond the seas. I could not brook to meet old companions in these parts. Let us depart silently, that none may know where we have gone."

"But how to live, my darling?"

"To live! How should we live, but by our talents? Do I not know that in your youth you could play the pipes? Have I not heard you while you were yet rich, take the pigskin from the wall and blow out merry strains lovingly for your own amusement? Can you not amuse others as you have amused yourself? We shall live and enjoy ourselves in happy freedom."

(To be continued next week.)



Stalked humbly away.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 261.—PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.O.S.

"Born sometime in the twenties, our illustrious hero early gave indication of the possession of a giant intellect—of talents which have since raised him to the position of the foremost scientists and physiologists of the age. The ordinary pastimes of boyhood found no favour in his eyes; marbles, peepers, rounders exercised no fascination over him, and he ever resisted the allurements of hockey and the subtle charms of egg-cup and cross-touch. That he possessed feelings in common with other lads, however, was shown by his enthusiastic love of the vasty deep, and ere his twenty-fifth year had been attained, we find him prescribing lime juice, jalap and pills in the capacity of assistant surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlemate*. But the practice of medicine did not absorb his whole attention, a very considerable portion of which he devoted to the study of natural history; and, owing, doubtless, to the fact that cockroaches were numerous in the cook's galley and weevils equally so in the biscuits, succeeded so well that, after saving the none too princely remuneration at which the Admiralty valued his services, he was enabled to publish the results of his researches. That book brought him fame. He left the Navy, studied harder than ever, and before he reached thirty-five, could boast the distinction of being a professor of two sciences. Since that time, his knowledge and fame have advanced by leaps and bounds until the culminating point of the latter was reached, when, chiefly because he solves great questions, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him July 10th, 1886."—*Debreit Impressed*.



ELECTION TIME.

Serious apprehensions regarding the state of the Poll.



Hubby. Well, and suppose you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support, pet?
Wife. The same man I have supported for ten years.
Hubby. And who is that, pray?
Wife. You!



SAVED BY HIS FAVOURITE BEVERAGE.

WAS IT IMPUDENCE?



Lady Customer. I want a pair of shoes for this child.

Assistant. French kid, madame?

Lady Customer (indignantly). Certainly not. Born in Dublin.



First Sport. I can afford a bottle of "fiz," Bosher, over your last week's tips.
Second Sport. Ah, dear boy, which did you back?
First Sport. Nary a one of 'em.



ANOTHER EASTBOURNE RECRUIT.

THE PERILS OF THE BLACK ART.



(1)



(3)



(2)



(4)

(1). Mr. Dryplate (the photographer). "It's! that's the best old shanty I've come across yet. Typical old Irish cabin. Must have a snap at that." The Goat (meditating). "Now, what's this fool up to, I wonder? Got that nose-bag full of oats as likely as not, and going to keep 'em all to himself. Ugh!" (2). Pat Rooney (peeping out of the window). "Och! Biddy, get out at the back an' run loike the devil to the police barracks, an' tell 'em there's a disgoised Fanian wid a cannon foirin' shells into me house as fast as iver he can pull the trigger. Away wid ye!" (3). The Goat.

"Come, hurry up and give me a chance, will you? Leave a little. What, you won't, won't you? Try some of this, then." Kerr-r-r szwump! biff! bang! "There you are, you see. Look what comes of being greedy." (4). Pat Rooney. "Be aisy, Biddy, it's all right now. Sure O'll repulse the blood thirsty invader meself widout help. Whiroo! take that, ye thafe of the world! Pat Rooney's not the bhoys to turn his back on a foe whin he's down, or to lave off kickin' him as long as he can swing a stick, begorra!" Mr. Dryplate is developing his negatives at Ballyboozle hospital.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 15.—Dolly.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.



A. SLOPER, Esq.—A great mind at rest.

NOVELTY'S THE THING.



"Yes, champion notion; I've utilized the idea of the new patent evaporation butter-cooler, and the hotter the sun the cooler the fat."